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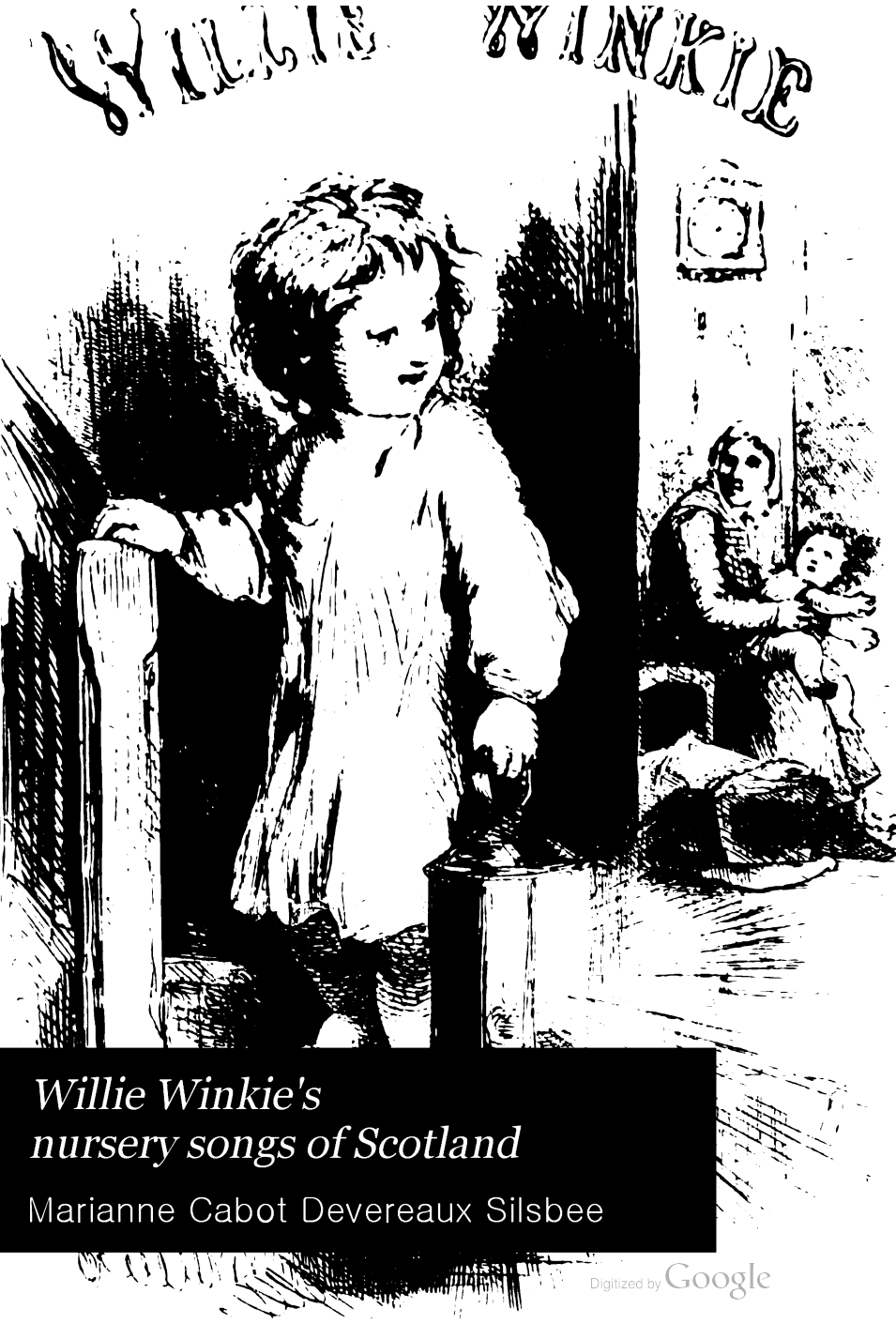

Willie Winkie's nursery songs of Scotland

Marianne Cabot Devereaux Silsbee

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WILLIE WINKIE'S

NURSERY SONGS

OF

SCOTLAND.

EDITED BY MRS. SILSBEE.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LIX

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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PREFACE.

THIS charming little volume was written several years ago for the children of Scotland. Poets and learned men tried in this way to raise the standard of Nursery Literature and preserve the quaint and expressive idioms of the Scottish tongue; and they succeeded.

It has seemed to me that the wish to introduce these poems into the homes of New England should be my excuse for the liberties I have been obliged to take. Where I have made an alteration, it has

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been with extreme reluctance and an earnest desire that the beauty of the text might not be impaired. So far as was possible, I have merely changed the Scotticisms to corresponding English words, and have studied to retain the racy terseness which is so often weakened by a translation. In a few instances I have been obliged to remodel an entire verse, in order to place it within the limit of youthful minds; and I now offer my work of love to parents and children, with the hope that the pleasure enjoyed by the Editor may be transferred to the Readers.

M. C. D. S.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Wee Willie Winkie. *William Miller*	11
Gree,—Bairnies, Gree! *William Miller*	14
The Bonnie Milk Cow. *Alexander Smart*	16
Learn your Lesson. *Alexander Smart*	18
Castles in the Air. *James Ballantyne*	19
A Son's Affection. *Alexander Rodger*	22
The Doctor. *Alexander Smart*	25
Kindness to Servants. *Alexander Smart*	27
John Frost. *William Miller*	29
The Father's Knee. *James Ballantyne*	31
The little Errand-Runner. *Alexander Smart*	35
Be a comfort to your Mother. *Alexander Rodger*	37
Johnny on his Shelty. *George Donald*	39
The Herd Laddie. *Alexander Smart*	41
Our own Fireside. *William Miller*	44
Give as you would take. *Alexander Rodger*	46
Creep before you walk. *James Ballantyne*	48
A Mother's Song. *Alexander Smart*	50

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The Truant. *Alexander Smart* 52
The Wayside Flower. *Alexander Laing* 54
The Watch-dog. *Alexander Smart* 56
Pace Eggs. *Alexander Smart* 58
Ye must not hurt the Simple. *James Ballantyne* . . 60
Cockie-lurie-la. *William Miller* 62
Rosy-cheeked Apples. *James Ballantyne* 65
Uncle Jamie. *Alexander Smart* 67
Oh this is not my own Bairn. *Alexander Smart* . . 69
The Bird's Nest. *Alexander Smart*. 71
Lady Summer. *William Miller*. 73
The Washing. *Alexander Rodger* 75
The A, B, C. *Alexander Laing* 77
A Mother's Joys. *William Ferguson* 79
Wee Nannie. *Alexander Smart* 81
Chuckie, or the Barn-door Fowl. *William Miller* . 83
The Spring-time of Life. *George Donald* 85
The sunny Summer Months. *John Crawfurd* . . 87
Happy Harvest. *John Crawfurd* 90
The last Day of the Year. *Alexander Smart* . . . 93

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NURSERY SONGS.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

WEE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Up ſtairs and down ſtairs
In his night-gown,
Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Are you coming then?
The cat's ſinging Purrie
To the ſleeping hen,

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The dog is lying on the floor,
And does not even peep;
But here's a wakeful laddie
That will not fall asleep."

Any thing but sleep, you rogue!
Glowring like the moon!
Rattling in an iron jug
With an iron spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling all about,
Crowing like a cock,
Screaming like I don't know what,
Waking sleeping folk.

"Hey! Willie Winkie,
Can't you keep him still?
Wriggling off a body's knee
Like a very eel,

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Pulling at the cat's ear,
As ſhe drowsy hums—
Heigh Willie Winkie,
See!—there he comes!"

Wearied is the mother
That has a reſtless wean,
A wee, ſtumpy bairnie
Heard whene'er he's seen—
That has a battle aye with ſleep
Before he'll close an e'e;
But a kiss from off his rosy lips
Gives ſtrength anew to me.

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GREE,—BAIRNIES, GREE.

THE moon has rolled her in a cloud,
And wild the winds begin
To rattle on the window panes
Like loons that would be in.
"Go whistle a tune in the chimney top,
Or croak in the willow tree—
We're thankful for a cozy home,
So gree, my bairnies, gree."

Though growling blafts may coldly blow,
A roufing fire will warm
A ftraggler's toes and keep so snug
My merry, noisy swarm.
Oh who would cool your broth, my bairns,
Or bake your bread like me?
You'd get the bit from out my mouth,
So gree, my bairnies, gree.

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Oh never fling the precious boon
Of bairnhood's love away;
Mind how you ſlept close to my ſide
Through darksome night till day;
How one kind arm was o'er ye both—
But if you disagree,
Think of your mother's tender words—
"Oh gree, my bairnies, gree!"

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THE BONNIE MILK COW.

"MOO—moo—pretty Lady!"
Bairnies want their supper now.
Lowing in the twilight hour,
Comes my bonnie cow.
Buttercups and clover green,
All day long her feaſt have been,—
She comes laden home at e'en,—
She is coming now.

Bairnies for their porridge fret—
"Proo—Hawkie—proo!"
And milk muſt have, their mouths to wet,
Sweet and warm from you.
Other cows go dry, they tell,
Hawkie ne'er was known to fail,
But aye ſhe fills the foaming pail—
"Proo—Hawkie—proo!"

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Beſt of butter—beſt of cheese—
Proo—Hawkie—proo!
That well the daintieſt may please
Yields my gentle cow.
When the goodwife ſtirs the tea
Sweeter cream there cannot be,—
Such curds and whey you'll seldom see,
Proo—Hawkie—proo!

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LEARN YOUR LESSON.

YOU'LL not learn your leſſon by crying, my man,
You'll never come at it by crying, my man;
Not a word can you spy
For the tear in your eye,
Then set your heart to it, for surely you can.

If you like your leſſon, its sure to like you,
The words then so glibly would jump into view,
Each one to its place
All the others would chase,
Till the laddie would wonder how clever he grew.

You'll cry till you make yourself ſtupid and blind,
And then not a word can you keep in your mind;
But cheer up your heart,
And you'll soon have your part,
For all things grow easy when bairns are inclined.

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CASTLES IN THE AIR.

THE bonnie, bonnie bairn
Who ſits with careless grace,
Glowring in the fire,
With his wee, round face,
Laughing at the guſty flame,
What sees he there?
Ha! the young dreamer
Builds caſtles in the air.

His wee, chubby face,
And his rough, curly head,
Are dancing and nodding
To the fire in its bed;
He'll brown his rosy cheeks,
And ſinge his sunny hair,
Staring at the imps
With their caſtles in the air.

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He sees lofty towers
Rifing to the moon!
He sees little soldiers
Pulling them all down.
Worlds rufhing up and down,
Blazing with a flare,—
See how he leaps,
As they glimmer in the air.

For all so sage he looks,
What can the laddie ken?
He's thinking of nothing;
Like many mighty men.
A wee thing makes us think,
A small thing makes us ftare,—
There are more folks than him
Building caftles in the air.

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Such a night in winter
May well make him cold;
His chin upon his chubby hand
Will soon make him old;
His brow is smooth and broad,—
Oh pray that busy care
Would let the wean alone
With his caſtles in the air!

He'll glower at the fire,
And he'll glance at the light!
But many sparkling ſtars
Are swallowed up in night;
Older eyes than his
Are dazzled by a glare—
Hearts are broken—heads are turned
With caſtles in the air.

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A SON'S AFFECTION.

MY own kindly mother
When once I'm a man,
I'll build you a cottage
So cozy,—
And oh I'll be kind
And be good to you then
For cuddling me now
In your bosy.

Dry up your salt tears
That so thickly now fall,
Oh why are you crying
So sorely?

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Though my daddy lies deep
In the sea, far away,
Has he not left you me,
His own Charlie?

Oh bless you, my darling,
No more I rebel,
Those sweet rosy lips
They reprove me;
How sinful it is
On our sorrows to dwell,
When thy dad smiles in thee
Still to love me.

I will live on to love thee,
My bonny, wee man!
Oh yet we'll be happy
And cozy,

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And when Heaven sees fitting
To close my short span,
Then I'll lay my old head on
Your bosy.

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THE DOCTOR.

OH do not fear the doctor,
He comes to make you well,
To nurse you like a tender flower,
And pleasant tales to tell;
He brings the bloom back to your cheek,
The blithe blink to your eye,
An 'twere not for the doctor
My bonnie bairn might die.

Oh who would fear the doctor,
His powder or his pill—
You just a wee bit swallow take,
And there's an end of ill.
He'll make you sleep sound as a top,
And rise up like a fly,—
An 'twere not for the doctor,
My bonnie bairn might die.

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A kind man is the doctor,
As many poor folk ken;
He spares no toil by day or night
To ease them of their pain;
And oh he loves the bairnies well
And grieves whene'er they cry,—
An 'twere not for the doctor,
My bonnie bairn might die.

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KINDNESS TO SERVANTS.

NOW what was that you said to May
So pettiſhly yeſtreen?
Oh well you may feel ſhame to tell
How saucy you have been.
There's nothing spoils a bonny face
Like sulks, in old or young,
And what can fit a laſſie worse
Than an ill bred, saucy tongue?

It's not your part to scold at May,
To you ſhe's aye been kind,
And oft ſhe's sung you to your ſleep,
Long, long ere you can mind.
She cooks the meat, ſhe does the work,
She cleans when you but soil,
And what would helpless bairnies be,
Without the hands that toil?

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The kindly look, the gentle word,
Make friends of all who live,
And give a charm to every face
That nothing else can give.
It's well for bairns to have a friend,
Who watches them with care,—
For when in fault—they learn from him
In future to beware.

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JOHN FROST.

YOU'VE come early to see us this year,
John Froſt.
With your crisping and powdering gear,
John Froſt—
For hedge, tower, and tree,
As far as I see,
Are as white as the bloom of the pear,
John Froſt.

You're very precise with your work,
John Froſt,
Although you have wrought in the dark,
John Froſt.
Every spot is so bright,
So pure and so white,
And as freſh as a new linen sark,
John Froſt.

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There are some things about you I like,
John Froſt,
Yet oft you're a wearisome tyke,
John Froſt,
For the weans with cold toes,
Crying "ſhoes—ſtockings—clothes,"
Keep us busy as bees—when you ſtrike,
John Froſt.

And have done with your long ſlides, I beg,
John Froſt,
Bairns' bones can be cracked like an egg,
John Froſt,
For a fall, on cold day,
Makes them hobble away
Like a hen with a lame, broken leg,
John Froſt.

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THE FATHER'S KNEE.

OH happy is the mother
Of each little pet
Who has a happy father
By the fire set.
With one wee tottum ſleeping
'Neath its mother's e'e,
Another tottum creeping
Up its father's knee.
Aye rocking, rocking,
Aye rocking ree—
Pulling at his ſtocking,
Climbing up his knee.

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Though our wee bit houſie
Few there be who know,—
Happy we and coſie
Round about it go.
Though for seats so scanty
Bairns cannot agree,
They cuddle all so ranty
On their father's knee.
They're aye wink—winking
With the ſleepy e'e,
Or aye jink—jinking
Round their father's knee.

Though the sunlight ſhining
Scarce glints on the wall,
There is ne'er repining
By our firelight small.

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And bright the rays of glory,
Streaming down we see,
When good grandſire hoary
Bends his aged knee.
Both the parents kneeling
By their totts so wee,—
Holy is the feeling
Offered on the knee.

I wonder if in palace,
Or in lordly hall,
Their hearts are all as hale as
In our cot so small.
If the royal mother
Can her laſſies see
Cuddling their wee brother
On their father's knee.

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What to her kind bosie
Are her kingdoms three,
Unless her totts are cosie
On their father's knee?

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THE LITTLE ERRAND-RUNNER.

I NEVER saw a bairnie yet
An errand run more fleet than Mary,
And oh ſhe's proud the praise to get
When home ſhe trips, light as a fairy.
In one wee hand the change ſhe grips,
And what ſhe's sent for in the other;
Then like a linnet, in ſhe ſkips,
So happy aye to please her mother.

She never ſtops, with bairns to play,
But all the road as ſhe keeps trottin'
Tells to herself what ſhe's to say,
For fear a word ſhould be forgotten.
And then as clear as A, B, C,
The meſſage gives without a blunder,
And like a little busy bee
She's home again—a perfect wonder.

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It's not for hire that Mary runs,
For what you give ſhe'll never tease you;
The beſt reward the laſſie wins
Is juſt the pleasure aye to please you.
If bairns would all example take
And never on their errands tarry,
What happy homes they aye would make,
Like our wee errand-runner, Mary.

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BE A COMFORT TO YOUR MOTHER.

COME here my laddie, come away
And try your firſt new breeches on ye,
For well I like to see you gay,
My own wee, comely, smiling Johnnie.

Strip off, ſtrip off your childiſh clothes
And be a laddie like your brother,
And if you're bleſt with health and days
You'll be a pleasure to your mother.

Now run and peep into the glass
And see how gay you are and bonny;
Whoe'er would think a change of dress
Could make such change in my wee Johnnie.

You're juſt your daddy's picture now,
As like as one bean to another;
And if you do like him, I trow,
You'll be an honor to your mother.

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But as you ſhoot and grow apace,
By truth and right keep ever ſteady;
And if life's ſtorms you're called to face,
Aye meet them firmly like your daddy.

If ſteep and rugged be the road,
Ne'er ſtand to heſitate, but rather
Look to your conscience, and your God,—
And be a comfort to your mother.

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JOHNNY ON HIS SHELTY.

SAW ye Johnny on his ſhelty,
Riding—racing—helty ſkelty,
In his tartan trews and kilty,
Was there ever such a wean?
Only eight years old, come Lammas,
Yet he's bigger than our Tammas,—
If he's spared he will not ſhame us,
Else I'm very much miſta'en.

Trotting through the blooming heather
By the ſide of careful father,
Ne'er a bridle or a tether,
Holding firmly by the mane.
Did ye only see our Johnnie,
Sitting on his highland pony!
Him! he would not bend to any,
E'en the Duke is not so vain.

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Such a beaſt from Moss of Balloch,
Ne'er was seen in all Glen Falloch,
Not like Duncan's ſhilly ſhalloch!
Nothing left but ſkin and bone,
Scarce the ſize of faithful Keeper,
O'er the dykes as good a leaper,—
Shaggy ſkin and tail a sweeper,—
Such a pair I'm sure there's none!

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THE HERD LADDIE.

IT'S a long time yet
Till the Kye go home,
It's a weary time yet
Till the Kye go home;
Till the long ſhadows fall
In the sun's yellow flame,
And the birds ſing good-night,
As the Kye go home.

Still longs the herd laddie
For sweet gloaming's reſt,
But ſlow moves the sun
To the hills in the weſt;

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Neath the ſhade of the broom-bruſh
How fain would he lie,
But there's no reſt for him
When he's herding the Kye.

They'll not be content
With the grass on the lea,
For do what he will,
To the corn aye they'll be;
The weary herd laddie
To pity there's none,
So tired and so hungry
With herding alone.

When the bee's in its hive,
And the bird in its neſt,
And the Kye safely housed,
That's the hour he loves beſt;

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With a full diſh of broſe
He ſleeps like a ſtone,—
But it ſcarce ſeems a blink
Till his ſlumber is done.

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OUR OWN FIRESIDE.

WHEN the froſt is on the ground
Keep your own fireſide,
For warmth will aye abound
At our own fireſide;
You and father beat them all
At our own fireſide,
He makes rabbits on the wall
At our own fireſide.

You keep a buſtle ſtill
At our own fireſide,
When you whiſtle loud and ſhrill
At our own fireſide;
Now the dog muſt have a saddle—
Then a cart's made of the ladle,
To please you as you daidle
Round our own fireſide.

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When your head lies on my lap
At our own fireſide,
Taking childhood's dreamless nap
At our own fireſide;
Then from ear to ear I kiss you,
And from brow to chin I bless you,
And all that's good I wiſh you,
  At our own fireſide.

When you're far, far from the blink
Of our own fireſide,
Full many a time you'll think
Of our own fireſide.
Of all our gamesome plays,
Of your whiſtle and your toys,
And you'll think you hear the noise
  Of our own fireſide.

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GIVE AS YOU WOULD TAKE.

MY bairnies dear, when you go out
With other bairns to play,
Take heed of every thing you do,
Of every word you say;
From tricky, wee, mischievous loons
Keep back, my bairns, keep back;
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to take.

To twiſt the mouth and call ill names
Is surely very bad;
Then all such doings ſtill avoid,
They'd make your mother sad.
To ſhield the weakly from the ſtrong,
Be neither ſlow nor ſlack,
And aye to all such usage give
As you would like to take.

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A kindly word, a soothing look,
Have ready aye for all,
We are one Maker's handiwork,
He made us—great and small—
We're all the children of his care;
Oh then for his dear sake
Be sure such usage ſtill to give
As you would like to take.

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CREEP BEFORE YOU WALK.

CREEP away, my bairnie,
Creep before you gang,
Liſten with both ears
To your old Granny's sang;
If you go as far as I
You will think the road lang,
Creep away my bairnie,
Creep before you gang.

Creep away my bairnie,
You're too young to learn
To tot up and down yet,
My bonnie wee bairn;
Better creeping, careful,
Than falling with a bang,
Hurting all your wee brow,—
Creep before you gang.

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The little birdie falls
When it tries too soon to fly,
Folks are sure to tumble
When they climb too high.
Those who do not walk aright
Are sure to come to wrang,—
Creep away my bairnie,
Creep before you gang.

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A MOTHER'S SONG.

OH, come now, my darling,
And lie on my breaſt,
For that's the ſoft pillow
My baby loves beſt;
Peace reſts on thine eyelids,
As sweetly they close,
And thoughts of to-morrow
Ne'er break thy repose.

What dreams in thy ſlumber
Dear baby are thine?
Thy sweet lips are smiling,
When preſt thus to mine.

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All lovely and guileless
Thou ſleepeſt in joy,
And Heaven watches over
My beautiful boy.

Oh would thus that ever
My darling might smile,
And ſtill be a baby
My griefs to beguile;
But Hope whispers sweetly,
Ne'er broken ſhall be
The tie that unites my
Sweet baby to me.

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THE TRUANT.

WEE Sandy in the corner
Sits crying on a ſtool,
And deep the laddie rues
Playing truant from the school.
So you'll learn from silly Sandy,
He's gotten such a fright,
To do nothing through the day
That may cause you tears at night.

He dared not venture home,
And wherever he did go,
Each person that he met with
He thought them sure to know;
And ſtarted at each berry-buſh,
Though it was broad daylight,—
So do nothing through the day
That may cause you tears at night.

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Those who will not be advised,
Are sure to rue ere long;
And many pains it coſts them
To do the thing that's wrong;
When they with half the trouble
Might be always in the right,
And do nothing through the day
That may cause them tears at night.

How fooliſh are the bairnies
Who misbehave from home!
There's something in the breaſt aye,
That tells them they're to blame;
And then when comes the gloaming
They're in a woful plight!
So do nothing through the day
That may cause you tears at night.

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THE WAYSIDE FLOWER.

THERE'S a moral, my child,
In the wayſide flower;
There's an emblem of life
In its ſhort-lived hour;
It smiles in the sunſhine,
And weeps in the ſhower;
And the footſtep falls
On the wayſide flower!

Now see, my dear child,
In the wayſide flower,
The joys and the sorrows
Of life's paſſing hour;

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The footſtep of time
Haſtens on in its power,
And soon we muſt fall
Like the wayſide flower!

Yet know, my dear child,
That the wayſide flower
Will revive in its season,
And bloom its brief hour;
That again we ſhall bloſſom,
In beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls
On the wayſide flower.

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THE WATCH-DOG.

BOW-wow-wow!
It's the great watch-dog,
I ken by his honeſt bark;
Bow-wow-wow!
Says the great watch-dog
When he hears a foot in the dark.

Not a breath can ſtir
But he's up with a wirr!
And a big bow-wow gives he,
And with tail on end
He'll the house defend
Far better than lock or key.

When we ſleep sound,
He takes his round,

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A sentry o'er us all.
Through the long, dark night,
Till broad daylight,
He scares the thieves from our wall.

But through the whole day,
With the bairns he'll play,
And gambol in the sun;
On his back aſtride
They may safely ride,
For well he loves their fun.

By all he's kenned
As a faithful friend,
No flattering tongue has he,
And we all may learn
From the great watch-dog
Both faithful and fond to be.

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PACE EGGS.

THE morning brings Pace, bairns!
And happy will you be,
With all your bonnie dyed eggs
And every one has three,
With colors like the rainbow
And not a crack in all,
You may roll them up and roll them down,
Or toss them like a ball.

There's some of them are rosy red,
And some of them are green,
And some are of the bonnie blue
That in Mary's eye is seen;
And some of them like purple bells,
And others like the bloom
Of the bonnie golden taſſels
That bloſſom on the broom.

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You'll toss them up the foggy banks,
And roll them down the braes,
Where ſtreamlets ſing and sweet flowers spring,
And the milk white lammie plays;
And when they burſt their tinted ſhells,
And all in fragments flee,
The crumbs will feed the bonnie bird
That ſings upon the tree.

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YE MUST NOT HURT THE SIMPLE.

"COME, children, quit such cruel sport;
for ſhame, for ſhame, give o'er!
That poor half-witted creature you've
been fighting with this hour;
What pleasure have you seeing him thus lay his
bosom bare?
You muſt not harm the ſimple—they're God's
peculiar care.

"The wild flower seeks the ſhady dell, and ſhuns
the mountain's brow,
Dark miſts may gather o'er the hills, while sun-
ſhine gleams below;
And oh the canker-worm oft feeds on cheek of
beauty fair,—
You muſt not harm the ſimple—they're God's
peculiar care.

"The smalleſt things in nature are ſimple as they're
small,
They take up but a little space—there's room
enough for all;

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And this poor, witless wanderer, I'm sure you'd miss him sore—
You muſt not harm the ſimple—they're God's peculiar care.

"There's some of you perchance may have at home a brother dear—
Whose little, helpless, mournful cry you cannot bear to hear;—
And is there one among you but your beſt with him would ſhare?
You muſt not harm the ſimple—they're God's peculiar care."

The children's eyes ſhone through their tears, they gazed on one another,
They felt what ne'er they felt before,—"the witless was their brother!"
They set him on a sunny seat, and ſtroked his golden hair,—
And they all knew the ſimple one was God's peculiar care.

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COCKIE-LURIE-LA.

THERE is a country gentleman who leads a thrifty life,
Each morning scraping odds and ends together for his wife;
His coat of glowing, ruddy brown, all waving bright with gold,
A crimson crown upon his head, well fitting one so bold.

If others pick where he did scrape, he brings them to disgrace,
For like a man of mettle, he meets them face to face;
He gives the loons a leathering—a crackèd crown to claw,
You cannot beat about the bush with cockie-lurie-la!

His step is firm and even, his look both grave and sage,
To bear his rich and stately tail, he ought to have a page;

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And though he holds his head so high, he glances
downward oft,
Nor dims his ſilver spurs in mud, by gazing up
aloft.

And I have thought, had he a hand wherewith to
gripe a ſtickie,
A pair of specks across his beak, and round his
neck a dickie,
That weans would laughing hold their ſides, and
surely think they saw
The learned Doctor Dogood in our cockie-lurie-la!

So learn from him to think it right to toil for
what's deſired;
For he that gapes till he is fed, may gape till he
is tired;
And if you live in idleness, you'll find unto your
coſt,
That those who will not work in heat, will hun-
ger in the froſt.

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And guard with care each hard-earned coin, and
honeſt pride will fill
Your purse with caſh—e'en diſtant friends will
bring griſt to your mill;
And if when grown to be a man, your name's
without a flaw,
Then lift your head and tune your pipes to cockie-
lurie-la!

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ROSY-CHEEKED APPLES.

COME here, my bairnie,
Come here to me;
Rosy-cheeked apples
You ſhall have three.
All full of honey
They dropped from the tree,
Like your bonny self,
All the sweeter that they're wee.

Come here, my bairnie,
Nor ſhake your fair head,
You are like my own bairn,
Long—long dead.
Ah for lack of nouriſhment,
He dropped from the tree,—
Like your bonny self,
All the sweeter he was wee.

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Oh old, frail folk,
Are like old fruit-trees,
They cannot ſtand the gnarl
Of the cold winter breeze.
But heaven takes the fruit,
Though earth forsake the tree,
And we mourn our fairy bloſſoms,
All the sweeter that they're wee.

Come here, my bairnie,
Come here to me;
Rosy-cheeked apples
You ſhall have three.
All so full of honey,
They dropped from the tree,
Like your bonny self,
All the sweeter they are wee.

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UNCLE JAMIE.

WELL the bairns may make their moan,
Uncle Jamie's dead and gone!
Though his hairs were thin and gray,
Few like him could friſk and play.
Freſh and warm his kindly heart
With the younkers aye took part;
And the merry songs he sung
Charmed the hearts of old and young.

Uncle Jamie had a mill,
Mouse within that ne'er was ſtill,
With a little bell to ring,
And a jumping-jack to fling,
And a drummer—rat-a-plan—
Drumming like a real man,
Bold dragoon in scarlet dreſſed
Riding high above the reſt.

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When the mouſie turned the mill,
With the bairns the house would fill;
Such a clatter then began!
Faſter aye the muſic ran!
Clinkum-clankum! rad-de-dad!
Flung the jumping-jack like mad!
Gallop went the bold dragoon,
As he would gallop o'er the moon!

Some who maybe think they're wise,
Uncle's frolics may despise;
Let them look as grave's they may,
He was wiser much than they;
And far better would it be
Could they feel as blithe as he.
Well the bairns may make their moan,
Uncle Jamie's dead and gone!

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OH THIS IS NOT MY OWN BAIRN.

OH this is not my own bairn,
I know by the greetie o't;
They've changed it for some fairy elf,
Aye kicking with the feetie o't!
A ranting, roaring, cankered thing,
That nought will do but fight and fling,
And make the very roof-tree ring
With raging at the meatie o't.

This cannot be my own bairn,
That was so good and bonnie O,
With dimpled cheek, and merry eye,
And cunning tricks so many O!
That danced upon her daddie's knee,
Just like a birdie bound to flee,
And aye had kisses sweet for me,
And round about to any O!

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Oh yes it is my own bairn!
She's coming to herself again;
Now bleſſings on my own bairn,
She's juſt my bonnie Bell again!
Her rosy cheek, her eyes so blue,
The lips, whence balmy kiſſes flew.
She rues her fault—oh well I knew
She soon would be herself again.

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THE BIRD'S NEST.

OH who would rob the wee bird's neſt,
That ſings so sweet and clear,
That builds for its young a cosy house
In the spring-time of the year;
That feeds the gaping birdies all,
And keeps them from the rain;
Oh who would rob the wee bird's neſt,
And give its bosom pain?

I would not harm the linnet's neſt,
That whiſtles on the spray;
I would not rob the pleasant lark,
That ſings at break of day;
I would not rob the nightingale,
That chants so sweet at e'en;
Nor yet would I sweet Jenny Wren,
Within her bower of green.

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For birdies are like bairnies,
That dance upon the lea;
And they will not ſing in cages,
So sweet as in the tree.
They're juſt like bonnie bairnies,
That mothers love so well,
And cruel, cruel is the heart
That would their treasures ſteal.

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LADY SUMMER.

BIRDIE, birdie, whet your whiſtle,
Sing your merry song again;
Often you've seen Lady Summer
Walking with her gallant train.
Sing us how her gauzy mantle,
Foreſt green, trails o'er the lea,
Broidered from the dewy hem
With the wild-flowers to the knee.

How her foot is decked with daiſies,
Kirtle of the primrose hue,
How her eye is like my laddie's,
Glancing, laughing, loving blue.
Up the hill or down the valley,
Where we meet with wandering flowers,
Buds and bloſſoms of affection,
Rosy with the sunny hours.

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Sing us such a song sweet birdie!
Sing it o'er and o'er again;
Let the notes fall pitter-patter,
Like a ſhower of summer rain.
"Hoot-toot-toot," the birdie's ſinging,
"Who can ſhear the ridge that's ſhorn?
You've sung bravely summer's wonders,
I'll tout on another horn."

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THE WASHING.

BOLD, wee baby, what's the matter,
That you're raiſing such a din?
Well you know 'tis sparkling water
Gives you such a bonny ſkin.
Cease your spurning, take your waſhing,
Then you'll get your milk and bread,
If you do not quit your splaſhing,
I may duck you o'er the head.

Now its o'er, my bonnie dearie,
There's a ſkin like driven snow,
Lively, leaping, plump, wee fairy,
See how soon I'll dress you now;
Let me smooth your pretty head, now,
Let me comb your ſhining hair,
To your gambols you have fled now,
Whirling round your daddy's chair.

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Now, you funny, friſking fairy,
  See how trim you are and fleek,
Water makes you briſk and airy,
  Lights your eye and dyes your cheek;
Oh, there's naught like being cleanly!
  Cleanliness is more than wealth,
If we dress however meanly,
  Cleanliness gives joy and health.

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A, B, C.

IF you are father's bonny bairn
And mother's only pet,
Your A, B, C, and leſſon time
You muſt not once forget;
If you would be a clever man
And useful in your day,
It's now your time to learn at e'en
The A, B, C.

To earn our laddie's meat and clothes
Has always been our care;
To get you made a scholar next
We'll ſtint both dress and fare.
And if we need, and have our health,
We'll join the night tò day,
So take your book and learn at e'en
The A, B, C.

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Who knows but you may get a school
  And then you'll earn our bread?
Who knows but in a pulpit yet
  We'll see you wag your head?
Our minister and dominie
  Were laddies in their day,
And had like you to learn at e'en
  The A, B, C.

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A MOTHER'S JOYS.

I'VE gear enough, I've gear enough,
I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
Their love a crown to me.
The joys, the dear delights they bring
I'm sure I'd not agree
To change for every worldly good
That could be given to me.

Let others flaunt in fashion's ring,
Seek rank and high degree,
I wish them joy with all my heart—
They're envied not by me.
I would not give those loving looks,
The heaven of those smiles,

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To bear the proudeſt name—to be
  The Queen of Britain's iſles.

My sons are like their father dear,
  And all the neighbors tell
That my young blue-eyed daughter's juſt
  The picture of mysel'.
Oh bleſſings on my darlings all,
  They're dear as summer's ſhine,
My heart runs o'er with happiness
  To think that they are mine.

At evening, morning, every hour,
  I've an unchanging prayer,
That Heaven would my bairnies bless,
  My hope, my joy, my care.
I've gear enough, I've gear enough,
  I've bonnie bairnies three;
Their welfare is a mine of wealth,
  Their love a crown to me.

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WEE NANNY.

WEE Nanny well deserves a song,
So well ſhe tends her little brother,
For aye when mother's toil is long
Away they trot with one another.
His face ſhe waſhes, combs his hair,
Then with a piece well spread with butter,
She lifts him lightly down the ſtair,
And puts him safely o'er the gutter.

Where bees hum o'er the flowery green,
With buttercups and daiſies glancing,
There may the happy totts be seen
Like lammies in the meadow dancing.
Then with their laps well filled with flowers,
And glowing cheeks as red as roses,
Come toddling home and play for hours
At wreathing necklaces and poſies.

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You never need tell Nanny twice,
  To do your bidding aye ſhe's ready ;
And hearkens so to good advice,
  No doubt if spared ſhe'll be a lady!
When other bairns fall out and fight,
  She rights the quarrel aye so canny,
Wee Nanny soon makes all things right,
  And all the bairns are friends with Nannie.

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CHUCKIE, OR THE BARN-DOOR FOWL.

SAW ye chuckie with her chickens,
Scraping for them dainty pickings,
Peeping here and peeping there,
With a mother's anxious care,
For the grain to fill their crops,
Or the sweeteſt water drops?
Heard ye weans cry, "Teuckie, teuckie,
Here's some crumbs, my bonny chuckie."

When her chickens all are feathered,
And the children round her gathered,
Giving each the prettieſt name
That their guileless tongues can frame;
Chuckie then will bend her neck,
Scrape with pride, and bow and beck;
Clucking as they're crying, "Teuckie,
Here's some crumbs, my bonny chuckie."

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Chuckie with her little chickies
Never grudged a pick of meat is;
High and low alike will ſtand
Throwing crumbs with kindly hand;
While about ſhe'll ſtoop and hop,
Then with pride and pleasure ſtop,
As they're crying, "Teuckie, teuckie,
Here's some crumbs, my bonny chuckie."

But such fortune does not favor
Every honeſt man's endeavor;
Many a one with luckless lot
Pines away and is forgot;
And, my bairn, if you've the power,
Aye to leſſen want be sure—
Fill your pouch, cry, "Teuckie, teuckie,
Here's some crumbs, my bonny chuckie."

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THE SPRING-TIME OF LIFE.

THE summer comes with rosy wreaths,
To dance among the fragrant flowers,
While friendly autumn plenty breathes,
And bleſſings in abundant ſhowers.
E'en winter with its froſt and snow
Brings much the mind to calm and cheer,
But there's a season worth them all—
And that's the spring-time of the year.

In spring the farmer ploughs the field
That yet will wave with yellow corn,
In spring the birdie builds its neſt
In foggy bank or budding thorn;
The bank and brae, the hill and dell
A song of hope are heard to ſing,
And summer, autumn, winter tell
With joy and grief the work of spring.

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Now youth's the spring-time of your life,
When seed is sown with care and toil,
And hopes are high and fears are rife,
Left weeds ſhould rise the grain to spoil.
I've sown the seed, my bairnies dear,
By precept and example, too,
And may the Hand that guides us here,
Preserve us all the journey through.

But soon the time will come when you
May lose a mother's tender care,
A world with sorrows not a few,
With all its ſtormy ſtrife to ſhare:
Then as you pass through life along
Let fortune kind or frowning prove,
Ne'er let the tempter lead you wrong,
But ſtill be guided by His love.

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THE SUNNY SUMMER MONTHS.

THE sultry, sunny, summer months
Are come with joy and glee,
And furzy fell and ruſhy dell
Are filled with melody.
The roe so gay from break of day
Now roams from brake to burn :
Then who would think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn ?

The butterfly has flung away
The ſhell that bound it faſt,
And screened it from the chilling breeze,
The winter's bitter blaſt.

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How like some moths of mortal mould
It flutters round its urn!
But do not think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn.

The lark up high in middle air
Is ſinging loud and clear,
He early leaves his lowly lair,
The cotter's toil to cheer.
Unvexed by care, he trills the joys
That in his breaſtie burn—
Then who would say, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn?

The song of nature's happiness
Is heard o'er meadows green,
And opening to the freſhening breeze,
The bluewort's bell is seen:
The fragrance of some Eaſtern clime
Is from our gardens borne—
Then who can think, my bairnies dear,
That we were made to mourn?

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The herds in languid liſtleſſness
  Now seek the freſhening brook,
The ſtreamlets speckled citizens
  Now ſhun the barbèd hook:
Oh who would grasp a gilded lure
  And nature's riches spurn?
We came not here, my bairnies dear,
  For gold and gear to mourn.

The lambkins o'er the daiſied dell
  In gambols wild and free,
Enjoy the sweets—the wholesome sweets,
  Of blissful liberty;
The fetters of the prison fold
  The fleecy wanderers spurn—
Oh never think, my bairnies dear,
  That we were made to mourn.

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HAPPY HARVEST.

AGAIN has happy harveſt come
To cheer each cottage hearth,
To sweeten lowly labor's toils
With happiness and mirth.
For lightsome hearts are o'er the lawn,
And plenty o'er the lea,
So you ſhall welcome harveſt in,
My bonny bairns, with me.

The garden's loſt its gairiness
The fields' freſh green is spent,
For summer's sun the glade and glen
Another ſhade has lent;

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But love no season knows but one,
  So come, my bairns, with me,
And welcome merry harveſt in
  With all its mirth and glee.

The lily's loſt its loveliness,
  The thiſtle ſheds its down,
The tulip's caſt its summer gauds,
  The buttercup its crown;
But fairer flowers are in the bowers
  Of love and charity,
So welcome merry harveſt in,
  My bonny bairns, with me.

The wren has left its cozie cot
  Out o'er yon ſilver spring—
And limps in loveless loneliness
  A woful, weary thing;
But nature feeds with open hand
  Each bird upon the tree,
So you ſhall welcome harveſt in,
  My bonny bairns, with me.

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The squirrel springs from tree to tree,
  The busy ant to reſt
Has gone, and ſhares the joys of thrift
  With those he loves the beſt;
And you ſhall ſhare a mother's care—
  Her all ſhe gives so free,
So welcome merry harveſt in,
  My bonny bairns, with me.

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THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

COME, bairns, come all to the frolic play,
To-morrow, you know, is New Year's day;
The cold winds blow,
And down falls the snow,
But merrily, merrily dance away.

There's Johnny Froſt with his head so white,
Would fain be in the warm fire-light;
But if he ſhould try,
Up the chimney he'd fly,
And thaw full quickly out of our ſight!

He's ſtopped the ſtreamlet's noisy brawl,
Hung froſt-work o'er the water-fall;
The flowers are all dead,
And the wee birds fled,
But they'll all be back at the sweet spring's call.

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We'll not ſleep a wink till the year come in,
Till the clock ſtrikes twelve and the fun begin;
And then with a cheer
To the new-born year,
How the ſtreets will ring with the roaring din!

A blithe new year we wiſh you all,
And many returns to bless you all,
And may each one you see
Aye merrier be,
While round the fire we greet you all.

So, bairns, come all to the frolic play,
To-morrow, you know, is New Year's day;
Though the cold winds blow,
And down falls the snow,
Yet merrily, merrily dance away.

THE END.

CAMBRIDGE: RIVERSIDE PRESS.

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Extract from Lord Jeffrey's letter to the Edinburgh publisher.

"IN returning you my thanks for your pretty little book of Nursery Songs, I cannot resist expressing the great pleasure and surprise I experienced on finding so much original genius in a work ushered in under a title and in a form so unpretending.

"There are more touches of genuine pathos, more happy poetical images, and above all, more sweet and engaging pictures of what is peculiar in the depth, softness, and thoughtfulness of our Scotch domestic affections, in this extraordinary little volume, than I have met with in any thing like the same compass since the days of Burns."

1844.

Ten thousand copies had been issued in 1847.

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